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The American Autumn.

As it is now October, we cannot, perhaps, do better than to give our readers the following pleasing sketch of Autumn:—

“This season is proverbially beautiful and interesting. Our springs are too humid and chilly, our summers too hot and dusty, and our winters too cold and tempestuous. But autumn, that soft twilight of the waning year, is ever delightfully temperate and agreeable. Nothing can be more rich and splendid than the variegated mantles which our forests put on, after throwing off the light green drapery of summer.

“In this country, autumn comes not in ‘sober guise,’ or in ‘russet mantle clad,’ but, as expressed in the beautiful language of Miss Kemble, like a triumphant emperor, arrayed in ‘gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes.’

“This is the only proper season in which one truly enjoys, in all its maturity of luxurious loveliness, an excursion into the country.

‘There, the loaded fruit-trees, bending,
Strew with mellow gold the land;
Here, on high, from vines impending,
Purple clusters court the hand.’

Autumn now throws her many-tinted robe

over our landscape, unequalled by the richest drapery which nature's wardrobe can furnish in any part of the world.

"We read of Italian skies and tropical evergreens, and often long to visit those regions where the birds have 'no sorrow in their song, no winter in their year.' But where can we find such an assemblage of beauties as is displayed, at this moment, in the groves and forests of our native state? Europe and Asia may be explored in vain. To them has prodigal nature given springs like Eden, summers of plenty, and winters of mildness. To the land of our nativity alone has she given autumns of unrivalled beauty, magnificence, and abundance. Most of our poets have sung the charms of this season, all varying from each other, and all beautiful, like the many-tinted hues of the foliage of the groves.

"The pensive, sentimental, moralizing Bryant says,

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;'

but his exquisite lines are so well known, that we must resist the temptation to quote them. The blithe, jocund, bright-hearted Halleck sings in a strain of quite a different tune, in describing the country at this period. Who would not know these lines to be his? —

'In the autumn time,
Earth has no holier, nor no lovelier clime.'

But we must not quote him either, for the same reason.

"This objection, however, does not apply to the delicate *morceau* of poor Brainard, which has seldom been copied, is in

little repute, but which contains the true inspiration of poetry.

"What is there saddening in these autumn leaves?"

Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"

That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms —
When the dread fever quits us — when the storm

Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops — he had not sighed.
The moon stays longest for the hunter now,
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe

And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps
along

The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?" " " "

Good Manners.

GOOD MANNERS are the art of making people easy. The three sources of good manners are good nature, humility, and good sense. Good sense and integrity, if we are sure we possess them, will not make good manners unnecessary; the former being but seldom called out to action, but the latter continually.

"Without good breeding truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved."

FALSE PRETENCES. — False pretences are sure of detection.



The Steeple Chase.

THEY have a curious amusement in England called the "Steeple Chase." A number of gentlemen fix upon a spot, a mile or two from some church, and at an appointed time they all set out on horseback, to see which will get to the church first. Away they go, over hedges and ditches, over hills and valleys, over rocks and rivulets! They do not take to the highway, for the spot chosen is always one which has no direct road to the church; so each one chooses his route, and it is wonderful to see how

madly they all dash on. Nothing seems to impede their wild career: the horses enter heartily into the frolic, and seem to be afraid of nothing. Thousands of people are present to witness the sport, and they cheer the racers by their loud and boisterous applause.

This is a very favorite kind of sport in England, but it is very dangerous. The riders are often thrown from their horses, and accidents fatal to man and beast often happen.

Ingratitude.

BLOW, blow, thou wintry wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembering not.

ACIVIL WORD. — "If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him."

Travels and Adventures in Circassia, by Thomas Trotter.

[Continued from p. 263.]

CHAPTER III.

THE passion of curiosity is by no means deficient among the Circassians. They are indeed very great newsmongers. I do not believe that even the Yankees surpass them in their favorite business of *guessing* and asking questions. Wherever I went, the first inquiry was, "What news?" and it was amusing to listen to the queries which were put to me in this way.

The ideas of the Circassians respecting America, it may be readily supposed, were not very correct, considering the secluded state of the people, and their scanty knowledge of geography. Was it in the east or the west? Was it near Constantinople? Were the inhabitants black or white? Were they at war with the Russians? Did they make as good pistols and penknives as the English? Did I come from America by land or by water? &c. &c. Such were the interrogatories which were showered upon me from all quarters, and which, in many cases, I found difficult to answer, so as to make the matter fully understood.

At the period of my arrival, the Circassians were engaged in a war with Russia. This power claimed the sovereignty of the country, and had been for some years making strong efforts to force her yoke upon the people. The Russian armies had made repeated inroads, but had failed in obtaining any permanent possession of the territory. The Circassians, when they found themselves unable to resist an invading army, set fire to

their dwellings, and retreated into the woods and mountains. The country being destitute of large towns, the Russians found it impossible to establish their authority over any part of the population. The most they could do was to march up and down, laying waste the country, and endeavoring to provoke the natives to meet them in pitched battle. The Circassians, however, understood too well the superiority of the Russian troops in discipline and equipment, and were aware of their own advantage in the Parthian mode of warfare. They accordingly confined themselves to harassing the Russian armies by sudden and desultory attacks with their cavalry. The rugged character of the country was highly favorable to the security of the inhabitants.

The hills and mountain sides are chiefly occupied by forests, with occasionally wide tracts of pasture plentifully sprinkled over with cattle, and checkered here and there with bright green patches of corn and millet. From the loftier highlands the traveller descends, by steep and gloomy ravines, through romantic glades and patches of dark forest, into level plains, skirted again by wood-crowned hills and dark mountains.

As I surveyed this wild and varied landscape from a commanding eminence, I was not only struck with admiration of the grandeur of the scenery, but my feelings partook of that proud and conscious security which strengthens the independent spirit of the mountaineer. It was difficult to understand how any man could look upon this country, and dream of its

conquest. I wished, at the moment, that I could have the Russian general at my side, and ask him a few questions about the plan of his campaign among these mountains, forests, and rivers. It was easy now to understand why the invaders, after so many repeated attempts, had effected so little toward the subjugation of the country. If the general dispersed his troops, they were sure to be cut off in detail by an armed population possessing all the advantages of local knowledge. If he advanced his columns in a mass, they could do nothing but wander through solitary defiles, annoyed on every side by the fire of an invisible foe, and compelled by the want of provisions to retreat at last.

It will surprise the reader, perhaps, to hear that my arrival in the country had something of the dignity of a great political event. The Circassians, long harassed by their Russian enemies, and sensible that, from their own imperfect military organization and want of discipline, though they might keep the invaders at bay, yet they could never prevent their inroads, had begun to cast their eyes to foreign countries for relief. At first they expected assistance from the Turks, next from the English, and when I made my appearance among them, a report was raised that I was an envoy from the American government sent out to negotiate a treaty. It was in vain that I represented to them that my only object was to see the country, and sell some merchandise. So much of intrigue, secrecy, and underhand manœuvring is always mixed up with diplomatic transactions in these countries, that my professions were regarded as only so many pretences, to conceal my real object. When we re-

flect on the many improbable and absurd things which are every day asserted in our newspapers, and are sure to find abundance of believers, we have no right to laugh at the credulity of the Circassians.

I set out in company with a body of horsemen for the interior, in order to be present at a grand council of the Circassians which was shortly to take place. The Russian army was in the vicinity, and we had not ridden many miles before the sound of cannon struck our ears. There was nothing in sight but mountain heights towering up to heaven in lonely sublimity, and dark forests waving with hollow murmurs in the breeze. The sounds grew louder and louder, and we were at a loss to determine from what quarter they proceeded, for the echoes were repeated through the deep glens in such a manner as to confound all sense of hearing. Some of our party, who had been as courageous as lions at first, riding gallantly at the head of the file, now showed a commendable prudence, and fell in the rear. One very talkative fellow, who had kept at my side, with his tongue in constant activity, from the time we set out, suddenly cut short his eloquence, and began looking out sharply to the right and left, as if he took every bush for an enemy. The sounds increased, and the booming roar of the cannon was now accompanied by the rattling peal of musketry, and the scattering, irregular fire of the Circassian rifles. Presently we heard the distant hurrahs of the Russians, answered by the shrill, wild war-whoop of their antagonists. These alarming sounds were caught up and repeated from echo to

echo, through the mountain defiles, with the most appalling uproar.

We fell in with several straggling parties of the Circassians as we proceeded, and were soon a respectable body in point of numbers. These men were all horsemen, each with his rifle slung behind him, and many of them with coats of mail beneath their open-breasted tunics. They sat bolt upright in their saddles, and, owing to the wild-looking *calpacs* on their heads, made a most ferocious appearance. Ere long we emerged from the mountain defiles into a spacious plain, along which ran a rapid stream bordered by native huts. As we rode over the plain, it was announced to us that Mansour Bey, the principal chieftain of the Circassians, was advancing to meet us; and presently he made his appearance at the head of a troop, with an *ouzen*, or noble, on each side of him. As soon as he came in sight, a large number of our own party clapped spurs to their horses, and, uttering loud yells, galloped forward as if to an attack. The other party did the same. With fierce onset they dashed towards one another; rifles and pistols were discharged; and the assailants encountered each other, man to man, and horse to horse, with so much vivacity and fury, that I was struck with astonishment, and imagined they would cut each other to pieces. But, after a most indescribable scene of noise, gesticulation, and hurly-burly, on a sudden they reined in their horses, and came to a stand. Not a drop of blood had been shed, nor a blow struck. It was a sham fight, got up according to their custom, extempore, to grace the occasion of this happy meeting.

This exhibition over, the main body on both sides came up, all dismounted from their horses, and I had an opportunity of making some observations upon the character of the multitude assembled in this place. It comprised a great proportion of the rank, property, and intelligence of the adjoining country; that is, the elders, judges, and nobles. There is no such thing as a system of representation in Circassia. So jealous are the sovereign people of their power, that no individual will trust his share of it out of his own hands, or even formally delegate it to any number of representatives for a moment. It is necessary, therefore, that every public assembly should bear a character sufficiently imposing to confer an undeniable stamp of authority on its proceedings, and convey an unequivocal expression of the popular will; for to none other will the people submit. Yet, in spite of this sturdy independence, there can be no doubt that they are *virtually* represented in these assemblies. Age, experience, courage, and eloquence, have all their due weight and influence, and, in adapting themselves to circumstances, and assuming the garb most flattering to the prejudices of the people, render their possessors the decided organs of the popular opinion.

The grand council was held in a magnificent grove of oaks, under the shade of which, and round the moss-grown trunks that served as pillars to the massive roof of foliage above, groups of *tamatas*, or elders, were seated engaged in earnest discussion. Arms were suspended, and horses saddled and bridled, tied to the boughs in every direction. In an adjoining meadow the young men were

galloping their horses about, and practising martial exercises. A great crowd gathered around us at our approach, and formed a lane through which we rode to the gate of our konag. Here a plentiful dinner was spread before me, and I was compelled by the Circassian law of good breeding to eat of it, though I had dined not an hour before. The multitude, in the mean time, crowded round the house, as eager to get a sight of me as the Boston boys are to stare at a live Indian.

After dinner, I was conducted into a grass-grown court in front of the house, so thronged with spectators, that it was with difficulty a lane was made through them to permit me to pass. An open space having at length been cleared in the centre of the court, and mats and cushions laid down, I took my seat with the most distinguished persons seated round me.

Casting my eyes round this circle, I could not but be struck with the singularity of my situation. I saw the turbaned heads of the judges, mixed up with the martial caps of the warriors; a throng of most grim-looking countenances were bent on me in every direction. Every thing was strange and wild. The crowd was so dense, that they not only pressed upon us from every side, but great numbers were clinging to the trees that surrounded the court-yard. Wonder, curiosity, and suspicion, seemed to fluctuate in legible characters in their countenances, for all sorts of stories had now become current concerning me.

The chief speaker began by asking if the American government would not send a fleet to Circassia — if our ships were as large as the Russian — if we had

plenty of powder and lead — if I had any of my own to sell — why the American merchants did not come to Circassia to buy their wives, as the Turks did, &c. It was difficult to give intelligible answers to all these queries; but I assured him that I was not an ambassador, as he supposed, and knew nothing of the secret designs of our government. The conference lasted above an hour; and if he was not satisfied on this last point, he at least pretended to be so, and seemed inclined to postpone this delicate subject to a more favorable opportunity. The multitude of auditors, however, appeared to me unwilling to abandon the idea of my being an envoy in disguise.

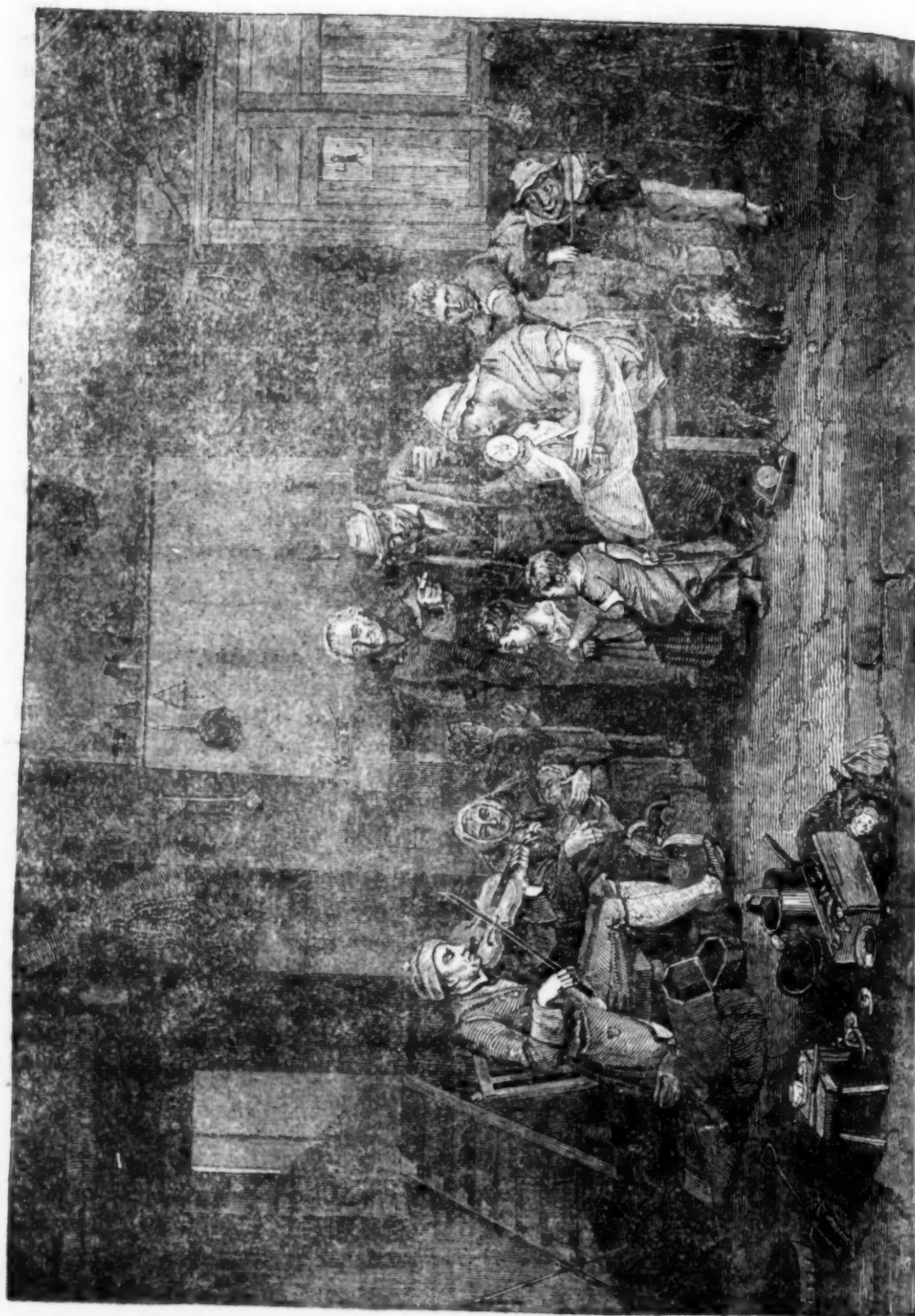
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Honor.

THE honor, though it be a different principle from religion, is not contrary to it. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the law of God; honor, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature.

The religious man fears, the man of honor scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being — the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden.

RIDICULE. — He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him.



David Wilkie.

THERE are few artists who have done more for the amusement of mankind than DAVID WILKIE, a Scotchman, whose pictures are rendered familiar by engravings to be seen in almost every shop-window.

He was the son of a respectable clergyman, and born in the county of Fife, Nov. 18, 1785. His genius was displayed in boyhood: at school he drew the heads of his playmates on his papers and slate; and sometimes he sketched the most striking countenances belonging to his father's congregation.

At the age of fifteen, Wilkie was sent to Edinburgh, and placed under the teaching of Mr. John Graham. Here he made rapid progress in painting, and soon obtained a prize for a scene from Macbeth. In 1804, he went to London; but being unfriended, he had no means of bringing his works before the public, but to place them in the shop-window of a picture-frame maker, at Charing Cross. Here he left a few paintings, and, at the end of a week, returned to see whether they had been sold. We may imagine the beating of his young heart, as he approached the shop, and may guess his feelings when he discovered that they were gone! They were, indeed, all sold.

In 1806, he painted his celebrated picture entitled the *Village Politicians*, for the renowned Lord Mansfield. Wilkie charged thirty guineas for it; but his lordship grumbled at the price, and refused to pay for it. It was sent to the exhibition at Somerset House, where it excited great admiration, and one hundred

and twenty guineas were named as its value. Under these circumstances, Lord Mansfield claimed the picture, and paid the thirty guineas! Thus we see that a great man, and a lord, may be guilty of the most shameful meanness.

It was also in 1806 that Wilkie painted his picture of the *Blind Fiddler*, of which we have given an engraving. This was executed for Sir George Beaumont, who paid fifty guineas for it. It is esteemed not only as the best of his productions, but no modern painting of its class has surpassed it. It was given by its proprietor to the National Gallery, in London, where it continues to delight such persons as have the opportunity to visit this noble institution.

Our artist was now famous, and in the full vigor of his genius. His productions followed each other with great rapidity, and they were all characterized by his peculiar excellences. Many of them are known to our readers by the engravings of them, and we need but mention the *Rent Day*, the *Cut Finger*, *Duncan Gray*, *Blind Man's Buff*, the *Penny Wedding*, the *Rabbit on the Wall*, and *Guess my Name*, to revive the agreeable recollection of these admirable performances.

In 1825, his health being impaired by over-toil, Wilkie, who was now Sir David, went to Italy, and spent two years there and in other parts of the Continent. Most of his pictures, after this time, differed from his earlier productions. These latter were chiefly of a comic character, and delineated the familiar scenes of common life; while among the subjects of his pencil, at the period of which we are speaking, were the *Maid of Saragossa*, *John Knox preaching*, *Columbus*, &c.

Some of these latter paintings are as remarkable for their sublimity of sentiment, and vigor of execution, as his first productions were for their humor. Such was the estimation in which they were held, that several of them were sold for \$4000 each!

Upon the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie was appointed principal painter to the royal family, which place he filled till his death. In August, 1840, he set out to visit Palestine, and, having travelled in that country, was on his return, in the ship *Oriental*, when, being near Gibraltar, he was taken sick of fever. Every thing was done in his behalf that could be done on shipboard; but he gradually failed, and expired on the 1st of June, 1841. The vessel returned to Gibraltar, to deposit the body of the great artist; but no one was permitted to land, and his remains were consigned to a watery tomb.

"The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the lifeless form is said;
And the rough tar's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the silent dead.

"The corse glides down alone — alone —
To its dark and dreary grave;
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown,
To the world beyond the wave.

"'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep,
Alone in a silent bed;
'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
Of a spirit world to tread."

FRIENDSHIP.

"**F**RRIENDSHIP's the wine of life; but friendship new
Is neither strong nor sweet."

History of Ancient Rome.

[Continued from p. 267.]

CHAPTER III. — SYLLA — POMPEY — CÆSAR.

IN the proportion in which Rome became a military state, its commanders acquired a dangerous influence in its affairs. Sylla and Marius, two of these commanders, were rivals in the desire of power. The former, while commanding in a war against Mithridates, king of Pontus, was superseded and recalled from Asia. He refused to obey the mandate; and, finding his army disposed to support him, he led it to Rome, expelled Marius and all his partisans, and for a time reigned triumphant. The desolate condition of the exiled Marius, sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage, is often alluded to. After Sylla had returned to pursue the war with Mithridates, his rival, recovering strength, once more acquired an ascendancy in Rome, but was suddenly cut off in a fit of debauch. Sylla, now victorious in Asia, returned to Italy, and, being joined by Verres, Cethegus, and the young Pompey, gave battle to the party of his enemies, and entirely defeated them. His entry into Rome was signalized by a dreadful massacre, and a proscription, which had for its object the extermination of every enemy whom he had in Italy. Elected *dictator*, with the unlimited authority attached to that office, (one of occasional creation,) he acted with a degree of conscientiousness that could scarcely have been expected from one who had shed so much blood. He restored the senate to its judicial authority,

regulated the election to all the important offices of the state, and enacted many excellent laws against oppression and the abuse of power. He then voluntarily resigned his dictatorship, and, retiring to the condition of a private citizen, offered publicly to give an account of his conduct. Not long after, he died of the effects of debauchery. Sylla may be reckoned a remarkable example of that union of great vices with noble points of character, which marks a time of semi-civilization. Before the close of Sylla's career, Julius Cæsar, a young man of high birth and great talents, was rising into notice. The chief power in the state was divided between Pompey and Crassus; when Cæsar, by a master-stroke of policy, caused himself to be associated with them in what was called a "triumvirate," or government of three persons. He now subdued Transalpine Gaul, (including the present Belgium and France,) and, passing over to Britain, (54 B. C.,) also reduced the people of that country, which the Romans considered as one of the remotest corners of the earth. By the death of Crassus, Cæsar and Pompey were left sole rivals for power. The high military reputation of Cæsar gave him great popular influence, but Pompey was befriended by the consuls and a majority of the senate. A decree was passed, forbidding Cæsar to pass with his army the brook Rubicon, which divided Gaul from Italy. He, nevertheless, did cross the stream and advance to Rome, of which he immediately gained the mastery, Pompey retiring into Greece. Cæsar, marching into Spain, overthrew Pompey's lieutenants there, and, at his return, found he had been declared dic-

tator. Then, learning that Pompey had raised a large army in Illyria, he marched thither, and, at the decisive battle of Pharsalia, extinguished the hopes of his rival. (49 B. C.) Pompey, who had divided the empire of the civilized world, fled, as a dispirited and powerless fugitive, to seek the assistance and hospitality of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, in Egypt, but was barbarously murdered the instant he stepped on shore. From the death of Pompey is to be dated the total overthrow of the Roman republic. The corruptions of the state had become too great to admit of any other cure than that of an absolute government. From this period, therefore, the senate and democratic bodies were dispossessed of all power, and Rome was never without a master.

CHAPTER IV.—THE EMPIRE.

Condition of the Nation. — At the period when the commonwealth passed into the hands of an absolute monarch, the Romans had attained the height of their power. Directing their main energies to military conquest, they had enjoyed some centuries of glory, with every kind of plunder which the conquered countries could produce. Every district in Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying within reach of the Roman legions, had become tributary to Rome. At this period, the nation reckoned about 7,000,000 of citizens, with twice as many provincials, besides as many slaves. From being an obscure town, Rome had become a wide-spread city, and was adorned with majestic temples, public edifices, and palaces. Other towns in Italy also rose into importance,

and became the residence of distinguished Roman citizens.

The public monuments of this remarkable people were placed, not only in the capital, but all over the provinces; and some of them are till this day reckoned among the greatest wonders of art. But the stupendous character of their undertakings was chiefly seen in their roads. All the cities of the empire were connected with each other, and with the capital, by public highways, which, issuing in various directions from the Forum — or great central place of public assembly — of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. On the north-west, the boundary of this extensive empire was the wall of Antoninus, built betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, and on the south-east it was the ancient city of Jerusalem. If the distance between these two points be carefully traced, it will be found that the great chain of communication was drawn out to the length of 4080 Roman miles, or 3740, English measure. The public roads were accurately divided by mile-stones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has

not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to facilitate the marches of the legions; nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, pervious to the arms of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of only five or six miles: each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel a hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads.

By these means the Romans maintained their ascendancy in every country, and diffused through the whole empire the improvements of social life. There was thus a nobleness and grandeur in various circumstances connected with the Roman sway, which, by a moderate, firm, and enlightened system of government, might have ultimately proved of the greatest importance in the social advancement of mankind. It was most unfortunate, however, both for this sacred cause and for the welfare of the Roman people themselves, that the plan of enriching the commonwealth at the seat of power, consisted almost exclusively in robbing foreign territories — a plan which it is impossible ever can permanently exist in any country, whatever be its power. Besides, with all the encouragement given to the fine arts, such as architecture, sculpture, and the production of luxuries, there was

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no substantial industry or commerce, and no means were taken to enlighten and refine the community, by science, literature, or morals. The whole fabric of Roman greatness, in fact, rested on no sure foundation, and its gradual decline and fall, from the extinction of the republic, cannot excite the smallest degree of surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Petrarch.

NEW men have left behind them a more interesting character than that of Francesco Petrarch. He was born at Arezzo, in Italy, in 1304. The following sketch is copied from Parley's Cabinet Library:—

"He was educated for the bar; but his taste for elegant literature prevailed over every other consideration, and he devoted himself to the study of the classics, and the composition of poetry.

"At this period, the pope held his court at Avignon, in France; and here were assembled the gifted and the gay, from all parts of Europe. Taking up his residence at this place, and assuming the clerical dress, Petrarch became, at twenty-two, one of the most dissipated among the licentious throng that fluttered in the blaze of the pontifical palace. He soon made friends among some of the great personages at Avignon, and while he spent much time in pleasure, he ardently pursued his literary studies.

"In 1327, while attending service in the church of St. Clair, at Avignon, he was greatly struck with the beauty of a young lady near him. The passion thus

suddenly conceived gave a new turn to his thoughts, and while it seemed to master his whole existence, it became the occasion of that celebrity which has ever since attended his name.

"The name of the woman who thus affected the heart of the priest was Laura, then nineteen years of age, and married two years before to Hugh de Sade. She was a lady of superior character; and though she often met her ardent admirer in society, she ever preserved the utmost discretion of conduct. When Petrarch avowed his passion, she rebuked him sternly, and avoided his presence; but when he was taken ill, she visited him as a friend, and was the instrument of giving a religious bias to his mind. For several years, a painful struggle was maintained between his passion and his sense of duty. He fixed his residence at Vaucluse, a romantic place five miles from Avignon, where he wrote some of those exquisite sonnets to Laura, which have continued to charm mankind to the present day.

"Time rolled on; the lovely Laura became the mother of a large family, and her beauty faded away; but the eye of Petrarch only saw her as in the days of her youth. In 1348, while he was in Italy, the plague was raging in France, and finally reached Avignon. Laura was seized with the disease, and died. Petrarch heard the tidings with incurable regret, and from that time seemed to devote himself to the emulation of her pious virtues. He continued to write verses; but the object which inspired him now was not the living form he had loved, but the sainted spirit with which his own purified soul delighted to hold communion.



Petrarch's Tomb at Arquà

The depth of his feeling may be imagined from the fact that, twenty years after Laura's death, and when he was himself verging toward the grave, he wrote of her, in the most affecting terms, as having been the chief source of his happiness and his misery. The following lines will serve at once as a specimen of Petrarch's sonnets, and an indication of

that depth of feeling to which we have alluded:—

'The eyes I praised so warmly, and the face,
And arms, and hands, and feet, whose beauty drew

'My spirit from myself, at their sweet view,
And made me strange among my fellow-race
Those crisped locks that shone with golden
grace,

Th' angelic mirth that, with enchanting
glow,
Was wont to make a paradise below,
Fill now — unconscious dust — their narrow
space;
And yet I live; O, life too hardly borne!
'Reft of the light I loved so well and long,
My weary bark in stormy seas is torn.
Be here an end of all my amorous song:
My vein of inspiration is outworn,
And nought around my lyre but notes of
anguish throng.'

"Petrarch died at Arqua, July 17, 1373. Though he is chiefly known as the lover and poetical eulogist of Laura, he has other claims to remembrance. He was an active laborer in the field of literature, and may be considered as one of the chief instruments of promoting the dawn of learning, which had then commenced in Europe. He was an extensive traveler, and an able writer on a great variety of subjects. His friendships were sincere, and his political views liberal. He exercised a most extraordinary influence over the great men of his day; and he may be justly regarded, not only as an honor to his country, but a benefactor of mankind."

A Story of the Desert.

[Continued from page 272.]

LARIBOO was among the number overwhelmed; but it chanced that the sand rested lightly on her face, so that she had the power of breathing. The force of the blow stunned her, and rendered her insensible; and the Tuaricks, thinking her dead, left her where she fell. How long she remained insensible, she knew not. When she recovered consciousness, the painful glare of the mid-

day sun had given place to the quiet and beauty of evening. The motion of the blowing sand sounded, in the deep stillness, like the murmuring of a mighty river; the moon and stars shed a soft, clear light from the cloudless heaven; and the breeze swept along with refreshing coolness.

When Lariboo first recovered her senses, she did not realize where she was. She tried to rise, but found herself kept down by a load of sand. She looked around her: all was calm and bright in that wide desert, which, like the ocean, seemed to stretch its flat surface almost to infinity; and all was still — so very still! not a bird, not an insect, broke the deep repose — and Lariboo was all alone in that barren wilderness!

Her first sensation was of joy that she had escaped from the power of the Tuaricks; but the next moment she was filled with fear. She remembered that she was without food, and many days' journey from any human habitation. Then came the thought of lions, and panthers, and — worst of all — hyenas. She knew that the last-mentioned of these terrible creatures were always prowling about in the night, seeking for the dead, whom they often dug out from beneath the sand; and her heart sickened to think of her babe. She strained her eyes in every direction to see if danger was approaching; but nothing was in motion; the earth below was as still as the heavens above. By degrees, this profound quiet produced drowsiness; and Lariboo slept soundly and sweetly, forgetful of solitude, starvation, and terror.

She was awaked by the pitiless rays

of the sun, shining full upon her, with the intolerable ardor of a tropical climate. With considerable exertion, she released herself from the sand under which she had been buried. The prospect around her was dreary and hopeless enough. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, stretched an endless level of sand; its glassy fragments here and there sparkling in the sunshine like polished steel. Not a cloud floated in the dazzling sky; not a breeze stirred the surface of the desert; the earth and the heavens seemed on fire; and where they met at the horizon, there appeared a fine glittering line of light, like the edge of a cimeter.

Lariboo's wish was to return to the spot where her babe had been thrown the day before; but it is extremely difficult to find one's way in the desert; the light sand is so easily blown about, that no tracks remain in it; and the high, steep hills, that are thrown up in one night, are scattered before the next. The only way in which she could guide her steps, was by observing the sun, and bearing in mind that the Tibboo country lay to the north.

All day long she pursued her journey with languid and weary steps; not a shrub or a fountain was to be seen; and she was dying with hunger and thirst. Had it not been for a faint hope of finding her babe alive, I do believe she would have died before that miserable day ended. She passed several human skeletons; but she saw nothing of her poor little infant. The sun was setting when Lariboo, weeping bitterly, gave up all hopes of finding her child, and laid herself down on the sand to die. She had

not remained many minutes, when a dark speck in the air attracted her attention, which, as it came nearer, proved to be a gold-shafted cuckoo. The sight of this bird cheered her fainting heart. She knew that an oasis must be near; for birds never live in the desert, where there are no trees, berries, or insects. With something of renewed strength, she arose and pursued her journey to the westward, from which quarter the bird had first come upon her sight. She was not mistaken in her hopes. A little verdant spot soon appeared amid the waste, like a green island in the ocean. Here the almost famished traveller quenched her thirst at a little rill, and feasted upon berries. But, alas! this charming oasis made the mother's heart sad; for she was certain she had never seen it before; and by the same token she knew she was out of her path, and not likely to find the body of her child. However, she thought the poor little creature must, by that time, be out of its misery; and she tried not to weep because it had been taken away. Had Lariboo ever read the Word of God, it would have been a great consolation to her lonely heart; for then she would have known that her babe had gone to God, and that the holy angels would take care of it; but she had never read the Bible; and she thought she should never see her babe in this world or another.

Having taken food and rested herself on the grass, Lariboo began to look around, to see what she could discover in her lonely residence. A group of trees attracted her attention, and thither she directed her footsteps. The cool shade was very refreshing; and after

having wandered all day long in the desert, without meeting a single living thing, even a solitary fly, it was a real delight to watch the bright birds fluttering about, and to hear the monkeys chattering, and throwing down nuts and boughs from the trees.

Lariboo, having found a little clump of date-trees on a rocky eminence, and plenty of berries, resolved to stay in this charming place, for a day or two, to recruit her strength. She put her arms round a date-tree, kissed it, and wept like a child: she had been so long accustomed to the burning sands of the desert, that a tree seemed to her like a long-lost friend. At a little distance from the date-trees, the wanderer discovered a grotto, or cave, formed by the rocks; and being very much fatigued, she entered it, and, stretched upon the cool earth, fell into a profound sleep. It was past midnight when she awakened; and great fear came upon her heart when she heard the loud, powerful breathing of some animal near her. Was it a lion, a panther, a hyena, or the disgusting and fierce orang-outang? In vain she tried to conjecture from the sound of his breathing; and the cavern was so dark that she could distinguish nothing. Once or twice, indeed, as the moon glanced into the cave, she thought she discovered two great sparks of fire, which might be glaring eyes; but no motion was heard, and she thought it might perhaps be imagination. She slept no more that night. At the least noise, the wool seemed to stand upright on her head with terror, and her eyes felt as if they were starting from their sockets. When the light of morning dawned, she discovered a huge pan-

ther lying near her. The creature slept with his head between his paws, as comfortably as an old house-dog by the fire-side. Lariboo's heart beat, as if it were flying from her body. She was afraid to move, to make her escape, for she could not gain the entrance of the grotto without stepping over the body of the savage animal; and should she awake, Lariboo had little doubt of serving her for a breakfast. She looked to see if she had lately taken food; and she felt somewhat encouraged to find her mouth and paws covered with blood. "She will not be so fierce if she is not hungry," thought Lariboo; "her stomach being already full, perhaps she will have the goodness not to eat me up, at present; and in the meanwhile I may escape." Then she thought of her infant exposed on the sand; and the blood on the panther's jaws made her head dizzy and her heart sick.

In the midst of her distress, she could not but admire the beauty of the animal. Her legs and throat were covered with pure white fur, extremely rich and soft; black circles, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets for her paws; her tail was white, with broad black rings; and the fur on the rest of her body was of a bright golden yellow, shaded with rich brown spots, like roses. The huge creature (larger than a large calf) lay stretched out in quiet majesty, her paws folded under her nose, and her smellers, like long silver threads, moving up and down, as she breathed in her deep slumber.

A Maltese cat, reposing upon an ottoman, could not have looked more graceful and had it not been for the intense fea-

with which Lariboo watched for the opening of her fiery eyes, I dare say she would have thought the panther much more beautiful than her favorite gazelles.

At last, the savage animal awoke. She stretched out her paws, shook herself, and washed her neck and her ears, as prettily as a little kitten. Lariboo's blood ran cold, and her heart seemed to drop down like lead. She did not dare to breathe. The panther was unconscious of the presence of her companion, until she turned her head to wash the fur on her glossy sides. She instantly stopped her operations, and fixed an earnest gaze upon the woman. Their eyes met. Extreme terror affects one like the nightmare. Lariboo felt as if she would give worlds to look away from the dreadful creature; but she could not. The panther came up to her, and put one paw on her arm — their eyes still fixed upon each other, as if neither had the power of looking elsewhere. Lariboo, with great boldness and presence of mind, put her hand up and stroked the smooth fur of the panther, patted her neck, and gently scratched her head — a motion which all animals like particularly well. The experiment succeeded. The eyes of the panther gradually softened in expression; and at last she began to wag her tail, like a joyful dog, and to purr like a petted cat. Her purring, to be sure, had not much resemblance to the gentle sound puss makes when she is pleased; it was so deep and strong, that it sounded much more like a church-organ.

Lariboo was very glad to gain the friendship of her fearful companion. She redoubled her caresses, with the hope of saving her life. Still she had no much

hope. "Her stomach is full, now," thought she; "but no doubt she will eat me up, when she is hungry."

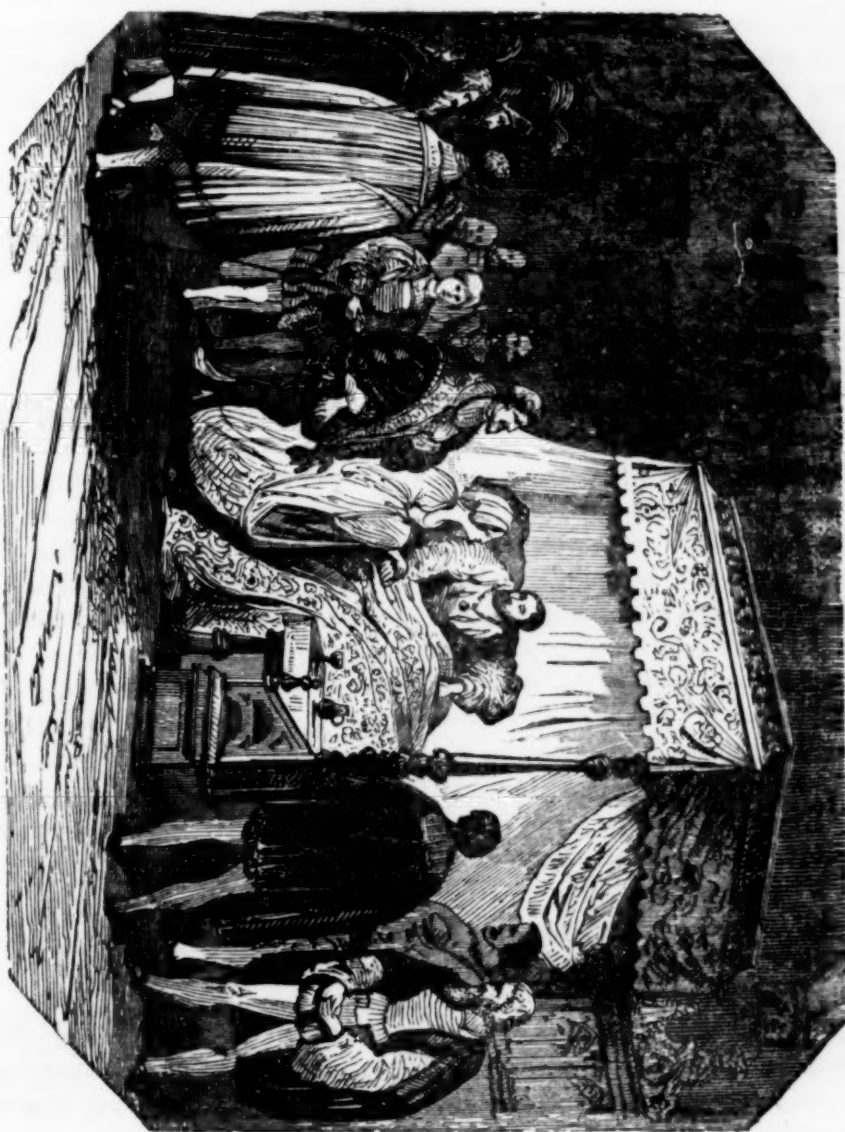
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Meeting of Francis I. and Charles V.

THIS interview is the subject of a famous picture by Alfred Johamet, of which we give an engraving. As the characters are depicted in the costume of their age, it is useful for the information it conveys, as well as interesting from the lively manner in which it portrays a striking point of history.

Francis I., king of France, was defeated in the battle of Pavia, Feb. 24, 1525. Being taken prisoner, he wrote to his mother upon the melancholy occurrence, in which he used the famous expression, "*All is lost, except our honor.*"

He was confined in prison at Madrid, by order of his captor, the renowned Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany. He was under the care of a vigilant keeper, whose austerity of manners imbittered the imprisonment of the captive monarch. He was only allowed that exercise which could be derived from riding on a mule, and was always surrounded with armed guards on horseback. Francis repeatedly solicited an interview with Charles; but the emperor, not wishing to grant him one till a price had been set upon his ransom, made a pretence that circumstances forced him to attend the Cortes, assembled at Toledo. This indignity, in conjunction with others, so affected the high-minded French mon-



The Meeting of Francis I. and Charles V.

arch, that all the natural gayety of his spirits forsook him; and after languishing for some time, he was seized with a violent fever, during which he often complained of the unprincely manner in which he had been treated. He at last became so ill that his physicians informed Charles that they saw no hope of his recovery, except he were gratified with an interview, upon which his mind was so strongly bent. Charles, afraid of losing, by the death of Francis, the advantages that might result from his victory, resolved on paying him a visit, and on giving him hopes of a speedy delivery, in order to preserve his life.

When Francis saw him enter the room, he raised himself up in bed, and said, with anger and reproach, —

“Have you come to ascertain if death has deprived you of your prisoner?”

“You are not my prisoner,” the emperor replied, “but my brother and my friend. My intention is to give you your liberty, and whatever else that you can expect from me.” He then embraced the king, and conversed with him in the most familiar manner imaginable.

This visit produced a salutary effect upon Francis; for, after the lapse of a few days, his physicians pronounced him out of all danger. He, however, had soon the mortification to find that he had vainly placed confidence in the words of the emperor. Charles returned to Toledo, leaving all further negotiations to be carried on by his ministers. Francis often reminded them of the promises of Charles, but received only evasive answers.

The great obstacles that stood in the way of the liberation of Francis, were

the exorbitant demands of the ambitious emperor; and which, according to Robertson, “so exasperated the captive monarch, that he took the resolution of resigning his crown, with all its rights and prerogatives, to his son, the dauphin, determined rather to end his days in his prison than to purchase his freedom by concessions unworthy of a king.”

This resolution caused Charles to abate considerably his former demands, and the treaty procuring Francis his liberty was signed at Madrid on the 14th of January, 1526.

Humane Driver rewarded.

A POOR Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule, laden with gold for the king's use. The beast, being so tired that he was neither able to go, nor to sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself, with great difficulty, a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, “Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thine own!”

WEARING. — There is something so low, coarse, and wicked in swearing, that it is surprising that men, who wish to be considered as wise and polite, should ever be found in the habit of it. It is a vice to which there is no temptation, and one of those sins which are called presumptuous.



The Fox and the Grapes.

WE sometimes see people strive to attain what is beyond their reach. After many vain attempts, they give up the pursuit, and then pretend that the object they sought so ardently is worthless, and that they would not have it if they could. Such people are alluded to in the following fable : —

A fox, who, having failed to pick,
Though prowling all around the village,
The bones of goose, or duck, or chick,
Was bent on any sort of pillage, —

Saw, from a trellis, hanging high,
Some grapes, with purple bloom inviting ;

His jaws, with heat and hunger dry,
The luscious fruit would fain be biting.

His carcass, than a weasel's thinner,
Made him for every prize alert ;
He thought, though fortune brought no dinner,
'Twas best secure a good dessert.

A tantalizing branch to gain,
With many a spring, and many a bound,
He strove ; and finding all in vain,
With this remark he quits the ground : —

" Let those, who like such trash, devour !
I'll range elsewhere for better prog ;
The worthless grapes, so green and sour,
Are scarcely fit to feed a hog ! "

Adventures of a Rain-Drop.

WHEN I was first aware of existence, I found myself floating in the clouds, among millions of companions. I was weak and languid, and had indeed fainted entirely away, when a breeze from the north was kind enough to fan me, as it swept along toward the equator. The moment my strength was renewed,

I felt an irresistible desire to travel. Thousands of neighbors were eager to join me ; and our numerous caravan passed rapidly through immense deserts of air, and landed in the garden of Eden. I fell on a white rose-bush, which Adam was twining around the arbor where Eve was sitting ; while she thanked him with

her smiles, and shook my companions from the cluster of grapes she had plucked for him. I shall never forget the sounds she uttered! Mankind must have lost the knowledge of them now, for I never hear such tones; though, in a few instances, where childhood has been gifted with a rich, melodious voice, and I have heard it poured forth in careless happiness, it has seemed to me like the language of paradise.

As it was a cloudy day, and the sun did not appear, I slipped from a rose-leaf to the bottom of a superb arum, and went quietly to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was bright in the heavens, and birds were singing and insects buzzing joyfully. A saucy humming-bird was looking down upon me, thinking, no doubt, that he would drink me up; but a nightingale and scarlet lory both chanced to alight near him, and the flower was weighed down, so that I fell to the ground. Immediately I felt myself drawn up, as if very small cords were fastened to me. It was the power of the sun, which forced me higher and higher, till I found myself in the clouds, in the same weak, misty state as before.

Here I floated about, until a cold wind drove me into the Danube. The moment I entered this river, I was pushed forward by such a crowd of water-drops, that, before I knew whither I was bound, I found myself at the bottom of the Black Sea. An oyster soon drew me into his shell, where I tumbled over a pearl, large and beautiful enough to grace the snowy neck of Eve. I was well pleased with my situation, and should have remained a long time, had it been in my power; but an enormous whale came

into our vicinity, and the poor oyster, ~~was~~ rolled down his throat, with a mighty company of waves. I escaped from my pearl prison, and the next day the great fish threw me from his nostrils, in a cataract of foam. Many were the rivers, seas, and lakes, I visited. Sometimes I rode through the Pacific, on a dolphin's back; and, at others, I slept sweetly under the shade of fan coral, in the Persian Gulf. One week, I was a dewdrop on the roses of Cashmere; and another, I moistened the stunted moss on cold Norwegian rocks.

Years passed away before I again reposed on the banks of the Euphrates. When I did, Adam was banished from the garden of Eden. Many a time have I clung to the willows, and looked in pity on the godlike exile, as he toiled in the fields, with his children around him; and when he sought the shade, again and again have I leaped down to cool his feverish brow. Pleasant as I found this benevolent office, I delighted still more to nestle among the pretty, yellow ringlets of the infant Abel, and shine there, like a diamond on the surface of golden waves. Alas! it is anguish to remember how I kissed his silken eyelash, when he lay stretched in death, under the cruel hand of Cain.

Time rolled slowly on, and the world grew more wicked. I lived almost entirely in the clouds, or on the flowers; for mankind could offer no couch fit for the repose of innocence, save the babe's sinless lip. At last, excessive vice demanded punishment. The Almighty sent it in the form of rain; and, in forty days, the fair earth was overwhelmed. I was permitted to remain in the foggy atmos-

phere; and, when the deluge ceased, I found myself arranged, with a multitude of rain-drops, before the blazing pavilion of the sun. His seven-colored rays were separated, in passing through us, and reflected on the opposite quarter of the heavens. Thus I had the honor to assist in forming the first rainbow ever seen by man.

It is now five thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight years since I first came into being; and you may well suppose that, were all my adventures detailed, they would fill a ponderous volume. I have traversed the wide world over, and watched its inhabitants through all their infinitude of changes. I have been, in tears, on the lyre of Sappho, when her love-inspired fingers swept across its strings. In the aromatic bath, I have kissed the transparent cheek of proud Aspasia; and I have twinkled on Plato's pale, intellectual brow, when he dreamed his ethereal philosophy in her magic bower. I remained at the bottom of the cup in which Cleopatra dissolved her costly pearl, and I plunged indignantly from the prow of Antony's vessel, when he retired from the fight, and gave the world for beauty.

I have been poured forth within the dazzling shrine of Apollo, and mixed with the rosy libations to Bacchus. The Brahmin of Hindostan has worshipped me in the sacred stream of Ganges. With me the Druid has quenched his sacrifice, the Roman pontiff signed the sacred emblem of the cross, and the Levite made clean his hands before he entered within the sanctuary. The princely archbishops of England have taken me from magnificent baptismal

fonts; and, in the wild glens of Scotland, the persecuted Covenanter has sprinkled me on many a guiltless head. I have jumped from the banyan-tree on the back of a Hindoo god, and glittered on the marble cheeks of deities in Athens. I have trembled on the Turkish crescent; slept on the Russian cross; died on the Chinese pagoda; and awaked between the Persian and the sun he adores.

Warm climates have ever been my favorites; for there, I was often in heaven, in a state of melting, delicious languor; and my visitations to earth were ever among the beautiful and the brilliant.

For one hundred years I was doomed to reluctant drudgery in the cold regions of the north; during which my soul was sent forth, from gypsy kettles, over the Geysers of Iceland, and imbodied again to freeze the head of the Kamschatkadale to his bear-skin pillow. I could tell wonders to Captain Parry, and absolutely craze Symmes with my discoveries. I could, if I chose, make known to hardy adventurers, who have risked life and limb to ascertain it, whether or not wild geese summer at the pole; but the giant king of the glaciers has forbidden me to reveal many things, which it is not expedient for the world to know at present. I dare not disobey him, for he once enchained me, in the dreary chambers of an ice-mountain, forty long years; and, had not the huge mass been seized with the modern spirit of enterprise, and moved southward, I might never have regained my liberty. The first use I made of freedom was to revisit the scenes I had enjoyed so much when men were comparatively strangers on

earth. I sought repose, after my wearisome journey, in the holy stream of Jordan; but scarcely had the waves given me their welcome embrace, ere the celebrated Chateaubriand conveyed me from thence to France, to perform my part in the august baptism of the infant "King of Rome." For such an office, I was willing to leave my beloved Palestine; for seldom have I rested on a boy of loftier promise, or more cherub loveliness; but I liked not the service in which the crafty politician employed me a few years after. It shames me to tell that the water, sprinkled on the son of Bonaparte, aided to prepare the vile pages of "*Le roi est mort — Vive le roi!*" with which the capricious Frenchman afterward welcomed the tenth Charles of Bourbon. Disgusted with the servile race of courtiers, I hastened to England, in hopes of finding an aristocracy too proud, in their long-inherited greatness, to sue for the favor of a never-satisfied multitude, or to triumph over them with all the vulgar superciliousness of newly-acquired power. Few, very few such I found; for true nobility of soul is rare; but many a glorious exploit was achieved by me in that favored land of intelligence and freedom. Once, while hovering listlessly in the air, I aided in forming the rainbow which Campbell has immortalized in such splendid verse; and on the next day, Wordsworth apostrophized me, as I lay quivering on the edge of his favorite daisy.

I moistened some of the pages of Scott, before they were wet with the world's tears; and I trickled from the point of Mrs. Hemans's pen, when her eloquent spirit held communion with Tasso. I

have evaporated on the burning page of Byron, and sparkled on the spangled lines of Moore.

* * * * *

It would take too long a time to detail all the services I rendered the great, the gifted, and the fair, during my residence in the "fast-anchored isle." Suffice it to say, with all its advantages, I found much to displease me; and I was anxious to visit a new republic, which I had heard of, "beyond the ocean, where the laws were just and men were happy."

This land, too, has its evils; but I love it better than any spot I have seen in all my wanderings. Niagara has thrown me forth in spray; and, frozen on its rugged cliffs, I have seemed "like a giant's starting tear." I have streamed from the Indian oar into the mighty rivers of the west, and slumbered in the cold blue depths of Canadian lakes. I frolicked in the joyous little stream which honest aunt Deborah Lenox praised so sensibly, and I formed a part of the "rivulet" which brought back the happy dream of childhood to the soul of Bryant; that soul on whose waveless mirror nature is ever reflected in a pleasant smile, all radiant with poetry.

But, in good truth, I have had little leisure for recreations like these; for rain-drops, as well as every thing else, are pressed into full employment in this land of business. I have labored hard in mills, manufactories, and distilleries, and died a thousand deaths in pushing forward the swift-sailing boats on the Hudson and Mississippi. A few months since, I rose from the water-works of Philadelphia, and soon hovered over the Boston Athenæum. I happened to alight on the head

of a poet, who was just quitting the gallery, and was scorched to vapor in an instant. I descended just in time for a Frenchman to mix me with the "eau de miel," which he was pouring into an elegant cut-glass vial. A fashionable fop, who considered perfume "the sovereignest thing on earth," presented me to a celebrated belle. I shall probably die on the corner of her embroidered handkerchief; but for me to die, is only to exist again; of course, my adventures will be as long as the world's history.

Days of my Youth.

THERE is no part of life so happy as youth. The following lines, written by the late lamented Thomas Hood, in England, show with what regret we look back to the pleasant days of childhood:—

O, WHEN I WAS a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind:
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind.

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop;
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipped his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew,
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all, and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead,
My flights soon find a fall:
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a whoop,
And seldom with a call!

My foot-ball's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself,
The world knocks to and fro.
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow.

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task;
My head's ne'er out of school.
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grow strangely cool.

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:
On this I will not dwell and hang;
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though this should meet his eye.

No skies so blue, or so serene,
As then; no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

O for the garb that marked the boy—
The trousers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red!—
The crownless hat—ne'er deemed an ill
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

O for the ribbon round the neck !
 The careless dogs' ears apt to deck
 My book and collar both !
 How can this formal man be styled
 Merely an Alexandrine child,
 A boy of larger growth ?

O for that small, small beer anew ;
 And (Heaven's own type,) that mild sky-blue,
 That washed my sweet meals down ;
 The master e'en — and that small Turk
 That fagged me ! — worse is now my work ;
 A fag for all the town !

O for the lessons learned by heart !
 Ay ! though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again ;
 I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
 Beneath the stroke — and even find
 Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights, rehearsed in bed ;
 The Fairy Tales, in school-time read
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
 The angel form that always walked
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked
 Exactly like Miss Brown !

The "omne bene" — Christmas come !
 The prize of merit won for home !
 Merit had prizes then !
 But now I write for days and days,
 For fame — a deal of empty praise,
 Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ; the crowded coach —
 The joyous shout — the loud approach ;
 The winding horns, like rams' ;
 The meeting sweet, that made me thrill,
 The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
 No "*satis*" to the "*jams*."

When that I was a tiny boy,
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind :
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind.

[For Merry's Museum.]

The First and Last Fight.

WILLIAM CLAY was a mild and gentle boy, more fond of his books than of play, and truly courageous. He was not wanting in physical courage, and, what is better, he had moral courage. He resided in a seaport city of New England, and attended one of the public schools. Mr. Hale, the master, considered him one of his best scholars ; but to the boys he was an "Odd Fellow." At recess, while the other boys were at play in the yard, he would remain at his desk, solving an algebraical problem, or poring over his grammar. The school which he attended was very large, and contained boys of every variety of character. Among them there were some who liked to tease the "deacon," as he was called. William bore all their teasing manfully, and stood the fire without flinching. But they did not stop here ; for there were some of the boys who doubted whether William had any "spunk." Now, in this particular, it must be acknowledged that William was deficient. He did not consider himself bound to knock a boy over who either purposely or accidentally tripped him up ; and, moreover, he was afraid to do wrong, which last is the strongest possible proof of a want of "spunk." Often had the boys attempted to satisfy themselves on this subject by picking quarrels with William ; and if he had not been possessed of a very good disposition, the doubts of the school would have been long since dispelled. He bore their taunts and jeers like a hero. If they called him a coward, he permitted

them to hold and proclaim their opinion in peace; and when George Long told him that he lied, he calmly asked him to prove it. At last, a few of the boys determined to get "Deacon Clay" into a fight at all events; and to work they went to accomplish it. One afternoon, as William was going to school, and had nearly arrived there, John Pond, by agreement, overtook him, and said, "Bill, if I was you, I wouldn't take so much from George Long. Why, t'other day, he told you you lied, to your face, and yesterday, he told me he wa'n't afraid of you. He said he'd fight you with one hand." "Well," said William, "let him think so, and say so too, if he likes, and, as this is a free country, I'll think as I like." By this time, they had reached the school-door; and William, giving this answer, went in, and thought no more about it. After school, as William was crossing the head of the first street, he was thus accosted by George Long: "Here, deacon, did you say you could flog me? 'Cause, if you did, I want to see you." "I never said any such thing, George," replied William. "Well," said George, clinching his fist, "somebody told me you did, and I'd like to see you about it."

"I don't want to know who told you so," said William, "but whoever it was, stated what was false." "Here, John," called out George, "deacon says you lied, when you said he told you that he could flog me." "What's that?" cried John, stepping up, and thrusting his fist quite into the face of William. "Did you say I lied? Say that again, if you dare." William's face was mantled with the rising blood; but, controlling himself, he answered, "I said no such thing. I

said, that whoever told George that I said I could flog him, stated what was not true." "Well, I told him," said John. "Take that, and tell me I lie again." The blow with which he accompanied these words was too much, for William, raising his arm, levelled him to the earth. He immediately repented it; but he had no time to think, for John was up like a flash, and "at him," and it was now necessary to defend himself. "A fight — a fight!" cried the boys, as they gathered around; "the deacon is fighting!" and soon a ring was formed. Again and again William repelled John, but as often he returned to the contest. At last, George, seeing that his friend was likely to be beaten, joined in, to assist him. William seized him by the jacket, hurled him to the ground, and again repelled John; but, at the same moment, he felt a strong arm seize him from behind, and, looking up, saw Mr. Hale. His rage was gone in a moment, and shame at being found in such a position was his only feeling.

The master sent each boy home, determining to let the matter rest until the morrow. Slowly and sadly William returned to his home, filled with shame and sorrow, for he had allowed himself to be overcome by his passions, and he could find no excuse for it. As every boy should do, he unburdened his care to his father, who consoled him, (for such a disposition needed no reproof,) and advised him to seek the throne of grace in his trouble. Fervently did he, that night, pray for pardon, and that he might be enabled to restrain himself, and, when he rose in the morning, he felt that he was forgiven. In the mean time, Mr. Hale

learned the particulars of the combat from his son, who had happened to be near, and was one of the few boys who honored and defended William's moral courage and forbearance. On the following morning, he inquired into the affair before the school, and began by asking William to state the circumstances. William did so with great kindness, extenuating the faults of his playmates, and taking to himself more than his share of the blame. This generosity so affected George, that he arose, entirely exculpated William, and took all the blame to himself.

Mr. Hale, seeing the favorable state of things, merely reprimanded John and George, and cautioned William and the other scholars against letting their passions obtain the mastery over them. There was one good result from this affair:—no one ever after desired to try the "spunk" of William, and the boys ceased to tease him.

HARRY LAKE.

S——, Nov. 13, 1844.

[For Merry's Museum.]

The Birthday.

ELLA and Rosa were good little girls,
With laughing blue eyes, and bright sunny
curls;
Twin-sisters they were, and their birthday
Came every year on the first of May.
And when it came, who so gay and bright,
And who had a heart one half so light,
Who woke so early, who rose so soon,
Who sang or carolled so blithe a tune,
As Rose, with her cheeks so plump and so red,
And Ella, with lips like a coral bed?

"Look, Ella!" said Rose, as she flung up
high

The window, and gazed on the far-off sky;
"Look, dearest! how cloudless, how heavenly
blue!"

As she spoke, a bird swiftly by her flew.

"And that robin! the saucy little thing!

It most touched my face with its wicked
wing.

There, there, up it goes to its much-loved
nest,

In its beak a worm for a young redbreast."

"Yes, Rosalind, yes," said Ella; "and see
How the ground is covered under that tree
With the pink peach-blossoms; and O! how
pale

Are those silvery hyacinths so frail,
Drooping and dying too quickly away,
No more to be kissed by the sun's warm ray
The gaudy-striped tulips, gay little dears,
How wet they are drenched with the dew-
drop tears!

And my darling daffodils! what a glow
Of gladness rests on their golden-tinged
snow!"

"Dear me!" cried Rosalind, "you're so in
love

With these flowers, you've forgotten your
tame dove;

Cooing and billing, and hungry, alone,
Telling his grief with a piteous moan."

"Yes, Rosa," said Ella; "and now please to
mark

Your little canary-bird; only hark

To his plaintive chirrup,—he must be fed
As soon as my dove with its soft still tread,
Moving over the ground with turned-in toes;
Do see Mr. Pinkfoot! how funny he goes!"

"And," said Rosa, "besides, we have yet to
weed

One half of our beds, and six papers of seed,
Of different kinds, are yet all unsown;
O, how smoothly the grass has Robert
mown!

Come, dearest sister, now let us run out,
To greet our birthday with a laugh and a
shout!"

And with arms entwined the twin-sisters
went,

To work and to play to their heart's content.

Breakfast-time came ; and so eager were they
To tell of the flowers, and the new-mown
hay,

Their pets the birds, and the purring gray cat,
That lay asleep on the sunny door-mat,
With her frolicsome kittens frisking around,
Or hiding in fear at the bark of the hound,
That it was really quite a long while
Before they had noticed their mother's sly
smile,

As she talked to their father, and on them
Cast a merry glance, with a slight "ahem !"
As if to say, "O, how stupid, my dears,
And dull, you both are !" But Rosa soon
peers,

Half-asking, into her father's grave face,
And with laughing eye and fond childlike
grace,

Says, "Papa, you are such a very kind man,
We've expected a birthday present, and ran
Away from our work at the sound of the bell,
The moment its *ring-a-ting* on our ears fell.
And we know that when breakfast is over,
we'll see

That it's pretty enough to jump for in glee !"
"Hear those saucy young jades !" the father
cried,

(Whilst his ringing laugh every word belied ;)
"They think I have nothing to do, but to
spend

Guinea on guinea, without any end.
I must teach them better !" but as he spoke
A queer little growl on the clear air broke ;
And then followed fast such a musical bark,
That the children looked up, and cried aloud,
"Hark !"

Said Ella, "That sounds like a very young
dog."

"Is it not," asked her father, "the croak of a
frog ?"

"O papa !" screamed out Rosa, "you're
making a goose

Of your poor little girl. Now what is the use
Of teasing us both so ? Do pray let us look
In the pantries and closets, in every nook,
Till we find this young barker. Papa, may
we go ?"

"Yes, love," was the answer. Cried Ella,
"I know !"

And bounding along, "Here, here ! Rosalind,
here !

Help me open this closet-door — quick ! —
there's a dear !"

Very soon this was done, and then what a rout
And a racket there was, as two puppies came
out.

They were pure and white as the snowiest
milk,

And their curls were as soft as the smoothest
silk.

"Listen !" said Rosa ; "hear this dear crea-
ture whine !

My name's on its collar of silver ; it's mine !
And yours, — how exactly like mine it does
look !

Like cherries, or leaves from the same spell-
ing-book.

Thanks, father and mother, so good and so
kind !

These gifts of all others we're gladdest to
find."

The puppies were fed, and caressed, and ad-
mired,

And yet their young mistresses did not grow
tired.

They romped and they raced, in the green
court-yard,

With their noisy young pets, each following
hard

Their flying footsteps, now forward, now
back,

Hither and thither, in varying track.

The day, though so happy, at last passed away,
For such is the fate of the merriest day ;

And Ella and Rosalind tripped up the stairs,
With their warm little hearts devoid of all
cares.

For only one single minute before,
They had softly opened the closet-door,

And had looked on their puppies fast asleep,
"Quite buried," they whispered, "in slum-
bers deep."

They were ready soon for their own cot-bed ;
Side by side, kneeling low, their prayers were
said ;

Then just as Ella half-blew out the light,
Rose pulled down the clothes, and cried in
delight,

"Two great waxen dolls, as sure as I live!
Why, what a dear man papa is, to give
His little twin-girls such beautiful things!
If I were an angel, and had some wings,
I'd fly to his room, and give him a kiss,
Which should be so loving, he'd call it
bliss."

"Nonsense, good Rosa! do you think he
would care?
Just look at these dolls with their soft brown
hair!"

"Come, my dark-eyed one," said Rosa, in glee,
"Come, love!" cried Ella, "come, darling, to
me!"

They clasped their dolls in a loving embrace,
Viewing with ecstasy each rosy face;
And, having planned how they were to be
dressed,

They put them away, and lay down to rest
Thus gayly was spent the happy birthday,
And the end had come of the first of May.

JACAPA

Our Correspondence.

OUR young friend, Harry Lake, of
Salem, will see that we have inserted
his story. We are glad that he, as well
as many of our other friends, seems par-
ticularly pleased that *Parley's Magazine*
is united to *Merry's Museum*.

MR. MERRY:

Would you please give these lines a
place in the Museum, and oblige

M. D. T——T.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE WILLIAM.*

The little boy is gone;
His book and playthings left;
The clothes he used to wear
Are laid beside the rest.
He wants no more
Earth's trifling things,
For Heaven brings
Her sweetest store.

The little boy is gone;
No more he'll cheer the way
Of those he loved on earth;
How dismal seems the day!
He'll cheer above
Th' angelic song,
In praises long,
Of boundless love.

* Son of V. D. Ellsworth Esq. Fairfield, Ct.

The little boy is gone;
His aptness, look, and smile,
The features of his face,
A heart that knew no guile, -
Although death comes,
These all survive,
And ever live
Beyond the tomb.

The little boy is gone;
The circle round do weep,
To think he'll no more be seen,
Or hear that voice so sweet.
Dry, dry those tears,
Nor wish him home;
He's only gone
From sin and fears!

The auburn lock he left
Is kept to look upon,
Along with smiles and tears,
Till time with us has flown.
So let our love
In future be,
To trust in thee,
Great God above.

The little boy is gone;
But where, O where? we say:
He's gone to live on high,
In realms of endless day.
There rapturous strains
Wake every string,
While angels sing,
"The Lord doth reign."

Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa., }
July 11, 1845. }

MR. ROBERT MERRY.

I HAVE consulted my father about taking your Museum another year, and he has kindly consented to furnish me with money for this purpose, as he thinks that it is a very instructive and amusing work.

I shall be very much pleased if you continue to put music in each number, for I am very partial to music.

I will now try and give you a short description of my place of residence. The town is beautifully situated in the forks of the Juniata River and Kiskacoquillas Creek. We are surrounded with forges, furnaces, and rolling mills, ours being the iron region. A number of persons talk of erecting a cotton-factory here; and I do assure you, Mr. Merry, that in a few years we may rival in business many larger towns. In fact, our creek commands water-power not surpassed in the east, and our location, on the canal and turnpike, affords an easy access to the great markets at all seasons of the year.

Many of my playmates are your subscribers, and are all equally delighted with your work. They are very impatient to see the August number. This being my first letter to you, please correct it before you insert it.

Your obliged friend,

ELIZABETH COGLEY,
 aged 12 years.

Leominster, Aug. 6, 1845.

DEAR SIR:

WILLIAM and I have laid our heads together, and made a geographical enigma; and so we thought we would send it to the best place; accordingly, we send it to you.

I am composed of 32 letters:

My 19, 11, 5, 17, 31, 22, 30, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.

My 1, 14, 22, 25, 4, is a river in Western Europe.

My 13, 26, 5, 11, is a town in Africa.

My 1, 31, 32, 10, 4, 21, is a town in Michigan.

My 4, 23, 9, 6, 31, 32, is a portion of the United States.

My 3, 18, 30, 30, 24, is a town in Turkey.

My 28, 21, 2, is a town in Austria.

My 5, 31, 19, 7, is a town in New York.

My 4, 10, 26, 32, 6, 21, is a river in Africa.

My 1, 29, 12, 4, is a town in Maine.

My 20, 31, 13, 7, 16, 15, is a town in Michigan.

My 19, 18, 24, is a cape on the American coast.

My 4, 27, 21, 8, 30, 7, is a town in Spain.

My 3, 2, 19, 7, 30, is a river in Virginia.

My whole is a distinguished general.

Respectfully,

C. H. E. and W. T. A

The following contains correct solutions to the several riddles referred to. We like the idea suggested by T. P., that our little friends should see how many words they can make out of the word *philanthropist*, and hope to hear from our correspondents as proposed.

Lebanon, July 7, 1845.

MR. MERRY:

I HAVE ventured to *guess* some of the answers to the puzzles in the June number of the Museum, and send you the following

PUZZLE No. 1, p. 187. — Answer, *Independence*.

PUZZLE No. 2, p. 188. — Answer, *Charlotte Corday*.

I have not been able to answer the riddle at page 189. We have a mode of amusing ourselves up here, that I suggest as a pleasant pastime. We take a pretty long word, as *emigration*, *mutation*, or *philanthropist*, and see how many other words we can make of the letters in the same. It is really wonderful to discover how many we can thus make

up from one word. I have made seventy-five out of *philanthropist*: can any of your correspondents do more?

Yours, truly, T. P.

Our *Gray-Eyed Friend*, C. G. W., of Stonington, will see that we have no space

for his puzzle. We are also obliged to omit several communications besides his. We acknowledge the receipt of letters from Charles F. H., of Goshen; L. H. A., of Opelousas; S. B. H., Sandusky; R. R. N., Guilford; and W. H. R., of Burlington.

The Pilot.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

SLOW.

The curling waves, with aw - ful roar, A lit - tle boat as - sailed;

And pal - lid fear's dis - tracting power O'er all on board pre - vailed;

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And fearless, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"And fear'st thou not," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the child replied:
"My father's at the helm."

Thus, when our earthly hopes are reft,
Our earthly comforts gone,
We still have one sure anchor left, —
God helps, and he alone.

He to our cries will lend an ear;
He gives our pangs relief;
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy, each torturing grief.